

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY F. M. TRIMMIE

Devoted to Education, Agricultural, Manufacturing and Mechanical Arts.

\$2.00 IN ADVANCE

VOL XXIII.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1866.

NO. 22

THE  
CAROLINA SPARTAN  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY  
THURSDAY MORNING.  
AT  
Two Dollars (Specie) in Advance.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, First Insertion, \$1; Subsequent Insertions, 75 cents.

### Mr. Jefferson Davis.

The Cincinnati Enquirer, speaking of the report of Surgeon Cooper upon the health of Mr. Davis and commenting thereon, it continues:

"This is the treatment that is accorded to a man who, for four years, was at the head of more than one-third of the States of the American Union, and represented their Government both at home and abroad. It is the kind of revenge that is taken upon an individual who was the chief exponent of a national sentiment, embracing a country nearly as large as the Continent of Europe, exclusive of Russia. It indicates the manner in which the dignity of the country is displayed toward that great combatant, who for years wielded a power that resisted forces that would have overthrown any of the mighty monarchies upon the Continent of Europe. It is completing the record that we are making up for future history. By that it will appear that the great hero of eleven sovereign States, after a long and desperate struggle with their twenty five competitors, at last, by the fortunes of war, fell into their hands. There were many times when a trifling change of circumstances would have sufficed to have thrown the balance into the other scale. A long career of success shone resplendent upon the banner of these Southern belligerents in the strife. The names of Bull Run, first and second Shiloh, the Seven Pines, of Gaines' Mill, of Fredericksburg, of Cedar Mountain, of Harper's Ferry, of Chancellorsville, of Antietam, of Chickamauga, of Murfreesboro' and Gettysburg, of Spottsylvania, of Coal Harbor of the Wilderness, of Charleston, and Richmond, and Petersburg, suggest the greatest military events, both in their magnitude and in the bravery and determination of their contestants, that appear in modern history. 'Prisoner Davis,' as he is called, in this Fortress Monroe dispatch, had under him military commanders as consummate as Marlborough, Wellington, or Prince Eugene. He commanded others who possessed the fire, the dash, the intrepidity and the heroic bravery of Marlborough, Ney, Murat, Lannes and Davoust, the great military palladians, that surround Napoleon I. For four years 'Prisoner Davis' was at Richmond, with his so-called Confederate Government within one hundred and twenty miles of the seat of the American Government. A million of soldiers under arms, the best in the world, were not adequate to its capture. It required a force as large as that which fought upon both sides at Austerlitz, or Jena, or Eylau, or Waterloo, or Friedland, to protect our Government in its Federal Capital. Men talked about its being a rebellion, an insurrection, but, in fact, it asserted equal belligerent rights with ourselves and all of the nations of Christendom. Its guns were heard for months with trembling and alarm at Washington, and its hosts were seen in great numbers from its capitol spires and domes. Its government was as strong and as perfect in every respect, as much founded in the choice of the people as the one that ruled over us at Washington.

While we, blinded by the fumes of rage and passion, had outlaid all this mighty mass of people at the South, of us who were contending for the Constitution as it had been interpreted by the ablest American statesmen, their deeds and achievements had awakened a feeling akin to admiration in their behalf in all the disinterested nations of Christendom.

The names of Davis, of Lee and Stone wall Jackson, of Joe Johnston, of Longstreet, of A. P. Hill, of Beauregard, of Hood, of Ewell, of Forrest, of Stuart, were carried to the remotest boundaries of civilization and inspired even at the North something warmer than mere respect. At length vastly superior numbers and some grave political mistakes of Jefferson Davis decided the day against the eleven sovereign States of the South. Their leader fell into our hands, and we, to our shame and disgrace, have been treating him like a felon and malefactor. The treatment of Napoleon Bonapart by the English Government upon the island of St. Helena, which has been a dark stain upon the honor and fame of Great Britain, was excellent and liberal compared to the miserable persecutions and torture of our great antagonist. We have sought most ridiculously to belittle a great national transaction down to the dimensions of an odious and reasonable conspiracy. We have practiced upon our illustrious prisoner the refined cruelty, of the Chinese, in condemn-

ing him to death by the slow torture of a want of sleep. A man well stricken in years, with a constitution enfeebled by disease, and of the most delicate organization, he has been confined in prison for more than a year, subjected to all the rude brutality that military turnkeys could inflict, and that too by those who in times past dare not brook the gaze of the eyes of the imprisoned chieftain.

There is not a man of ordinary sense and intelligence who does not know that the question of the right of a State to secede, has always been at least an open one in American politics, upon which, since the origin of our Government, the wisest of our statesmen have differed, and that no law applying to individual treason ever reached that case. To make Jefferson Davis a victim, under such circumstances—to especially single him out for punishment, is the very highest of criminal injustice. During the war we exchanged prisoners with the Confederate Government, and in other respects recognized it as an equal belligerent with ourselves. Whoever heard of exchanging prisoners with traitors or rioters? To go behind these events, after the war is over, and erect the gallows and the prison for those we thus treated, is simply cowardly and cruel inconsistency.

We should have done to Jefferson Davis long ago what we did to General Lee and his military competers—released him upon parole, and considered the matter dismissed. Such conduct would have been worthy of a great and magnanimous people. It would have shown that we, in one respect at least, deserved the victory we had won, and that we had the wisdom to appreciate the true character of the struggle and to profit by it. The sooner the President performs this act of justice the better for his own reputation and that of the country. None but the bloodthirsty and the cowardly desire the further prosecution of Jefferson Davis. The shrewd among the Radicals do not want an issue that they considered decided by the war to go again before and to be subjected to the arbitrament of a jury. In other words, to sink a great national struggle down to the dimensions of a criminal trial, by whose results they cannot possibly strengthen their position. The Chief Justice of the United States, who, before he occupied his present position, taught the doctrine upon which Mr. Davis acted, viz: the right of a State to secede, has shirked the trial. He has invented excuses to prevent it, for he knows, as we all know, that it would be worse than a shameful farce. The country wants not an exciting and irritating trial to open old sores—wounds—but it needs a general and universal amnesty for all men.

**HABIT IN WELL DOING.**—Everything is a labor just in proportion as we have to do it by a separate effort. If a person were obliged to do up all his breathing once a week, to eat his food only at rare intervals, or to put on his clothing simply for a few days in the year, he would find them a very wearisome task. It is only frequency of these acts, only breathing every moment, eating every day, and wearing our clothes literally as a habit, that keeps them from being irksome. Drive your wagon over a road where the planks are two feet apart, and the motion is excruciating; let the planks be shoved up together, and it is one delicious roll. So in the Christian life. We must make our duties come so near to each other that they will touch, if we would have them a pleasure. It is easier to give fifty times a year than it is if ten; easier to go to church every Sunday than every month; easier to pray each night and morning than only now and then; easier to be a Christian on every day, and in every place, than only in the church, and once a week. Habit is the great helper that takes away the burden from all labor, and makes even the roughest place smooth. And, in our well-doing, the best way never to be weary is never to stop and rest.

**BAD FOR THE FINNEGANS.**—The following is the Canadian law under which the captured Fenians will probably be tried by the Canucks. It is the first section, chap. 88, of the consolidated statutes of Upper Canada:

First: In case any person, being a citizen or subject of any foreign State or country at peace with her Majesty, be or continue in arms against Her Majesty within Upper Canada, or commits any act of hostility therein, or enters Upper Canada with design or intent to levy war against her Majesty, or to commit any felony therein, for which any person would, by the laws of Upper Canada, be liable to suffer death, then the Governor may order the assembling of a militia general court martial for the trial of such person, agreeably to the Militia Law, and upon being found guilty by such Court of offending against this act, such person shall be sentenced by such court martial to suffer death, or such other punishment as shall be awarded by the court.

A good word is an easy obligation; not to speak ill requires only your silence.

### The Women of the South.

For some days past the *Tribune*, which generally possesses the virtue of self respect, not knowing, doubtless, how else to give vent to its ill humor at the turn of affairs, has lavished insults upon the women of the South. It seems to us that a thousand reasons, not to mention the simple one of propriety, should restrain a Northern journal from such attacks. The *Tribune* should remember, too, the heroism displayed by the Confederate women for their cause. Whether this cause were good or bad, the Southern women have sustained it nobly and with a force of character which recalls the ancient women of Sparta, and which has everywhere commanded respect and admiration.

Not satisfied with attacking the Southern women, the *Tribune* institutes between them and the women of the North a comparison as odious as it is unjust.

"Our women," says Mr. Greeley's newspaper, "are everywhere a most cultivated class; the women of the South are more illiterate than the men."

We dispute the truth of this assertion. There are at the South, as at the North, educated women and ignorant women, well bred and ill bred, vulgar women. But we do not believe that the proportion is so unfavorable to the South. The ladies of Charleston, of New Orleans, and of Richmond have shown in all the European saloons where they have appeared, as brilliantly as those of New York and Boston. That the Southern women are less literary than their husbands is very possible; but we do not consider this surely as a reproach. We do not like learned women; we are repelled by women versed in latin and philosophy, and, unlike Mr. Greeley, take the part of Henriette against Armands. A woman may be educated certainly, but let her never become a pedant; and, above all, let her never parade her learning. We do not see at the South such physical and philosophical ladies; we see only too many of them at the North; and what these gain in science, if science that may be called which consists in a great number of ideas, almost always confused and superficially understood, joined to enormous pretension, they lose in grace and attraction. We say this without intending any injustice to those charming Northern women who avoid the grotesque and ridiculous, and resemble in this their sisters of the South.

Let us permit the *Tribune* to insist upon the "gross ignorance" of the Confederate women, and to refer to this ignorance their energy and constancy during the war. We attribute the great qualities of which the Southern women have given noble example to a higher origin. Ignorance, the *Tribune* has said it a hundred times, can engender only vice and meanness—and, if the Confederate women have been heroic, it is because they had faith in their cause. There are occasions in history when women, whose mission in ordinary times is to make the good wife, the tender mother, and to polish manners by the charm and grace which she brings into all social relations, may rise above herself and give examples to the highest virtues. These occasions occur when the sacred soil of her country, and with it or through it, the domestic hearth and family are threatened with invasion. These high virtues the women of the South have practiced without ostentation, without theatrical parade. They have borne all privations, they have defied all outrages by their proud and impassable attitude. Soldiers, drunken with blood, could outrage their bodies, but their victims remained as pure as those christian virgins whose memories the embraces of the executioner could not defile. All that is precious to women—dress, jewels, the luxuries of home—all these the Southern women gave up—they did not even recoil before sacrifices still more painful—they did not fear to break their hearts, by sending forth their sons to do battle for a cause, sacred in their eyes, like that Lacedaemonian mother who showed a shield to her son and said simply—return with it, or upon it—do thy duty, or die. Do not expect such traits from ignorant women, from souls without elevation!

And while desolation over all the hearths of the South, while mothers had each day fresh tears to wipe away, yet bravely bore their grief, how were the women of the North employed? In developing a costly luxury against which the *Tribune* itself cried out, calling attention to its scandalous extent, feminine prodigality became more and more unrestrained. We know to what disastrous result this state of affairs had led. Some ladies, it is true, like Miss Anna Dickenson, gave tiresome lectures to promiscuous audiences, others clamored for pretended women's rights, and exposed themselves to the derision of the public; and others still enrolled themselves under the banner of miscegenation. It is among these classes of women, who defy good sense and modesty in public exhibitions, that the *Tribune* finds its idea?

Let this journal then cease to insult these conquered women, of whom the defeat has not diminished the greatness; let it cease to embitter and dishonor its per-

sustaining an indefensible paradox. The North, like the South, has its contingent of good, graceful, educated and elegant bred women; it has, perhaps, a larger number of that class who so little deserve the name of women, and for whom certain announcements are made in the journals; it possesses also a greater share of learned and pedantic ladies—but for these, will New Orleans not become envious of Boston. As for good and well bred society, it is the same everywhere; and the *Tribune* may be sure that a woman of the world, coming from Boston, would not feel out of place in New Orleans, nor would the contrary be true. In calumniating the Southern women, Mr. Greeley has simply proved that he does not know them, and that he knows still less the common laws of propriety.—*Courier des Etats Unis.*

### Taxes.

We used to smile at Sydney Smith's humorous account of English taxes, never dreaming that such would, at some time, be our own experience.—Since "misery loves company," we reproduce it for the consolation of our tax payers:

Taxes were piled on taxes, until they reached every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under foot; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste; taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion, taxes upon every thing on earth and on the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on fresh value that is added to it by industry of man; taxes on the source which pampers man's appetite, and the drug which restores him to health; on the ermine which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt and the rich man's specie; on the brass nails on the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride. At bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.

The school boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent. flings himself back upon the chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent. makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property then is immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to be taxed no more.

**NARROWER—STILL NARROWER.**—The narrow limit of the longest life is every day becoming narrower still. The story is told of an Italian state prisoner, who after some weeks confinement became suddenly aware that his apartment had become smaller. He watched, and saw with horror, that a movable iron wall was gradually encroaching on the space, and that as the movement came on, it must soon crush him to death, and he could calculate it today. But you have not that advantage. John Foster yet more appropriately resembles our time to a sealed reservoir, from which issues daily a certain small quantity of water, and when the reservoir is exhausted, we must perish of thirst; but we have no means of sounding it to ascertain how much it originally contained, nor whether there be enough remaining even for tomorrow.

**AN IRISH STORY.**—Two Irishmen engaged in peddling packages of linen, bought an old mule to aid in carrying the burdens. One would ride awhile, then the other, carrying the bales of linen on the mule. One day the Irishman who was on foot got close up to the heels of his mule-ship, when he received a kick on one of his shins. To be revenged he picked up a stone and hurled it at the mule, but struck his companion on the back of the head. Seeing what he had done, he stopped and began to groan and rub his shin. The one on the mule turned and asked what was the matter. "The bloody crathur kicked me," was the reply. "Be jabbers he's did the same thing to me on the back of the head," said the other.

John Randolph is said upon one occasion to have visited a race course near the city of New York. A flash looking stranger offered to bet him five dollars upon the result of the race, and introducing his companion, said: "Mr. Randolph, my friend here, Squire Tompkins, will hold the stakes." "But, sir," squeaked the orator of Roanoke, "who will hold Squire Tompkins?"

A man advertises for competent persons to undertake the sale of a raw medicine, and adds that it will be profitable to the undertaker.

### Josh Billings on Love.

The only natural feeling the young heart possesses is love. It is the first good thing the heart does, and in after life it is the only good thing it does.

There is no posstif virtu in love, and yet it may be the result of the holiest of virtues.

But there is, in this life, a vast deal of poution love, that has no more virtue in it than wooden nutmegs have.

There is "Love undicing," that generally lives about as long as uncorked ginger pop does.

There is "Love untold," which is always old tew ennyboddy who will listen to it, and is as full of pathos as a pork and beans nightmare.

And there is "Love at sight," to which I will add, Love for 90 days.

These are some of the different kinds of Love that are denominated pashun, and form much of the trading capital that lovers do business on.

There is not much sin in these different styles of love; they don't seem tew git up to the dignity of sin; there is deception in them without doubt; but the deception is like Czar's celebrated Rat Exterminator, it won't hurt ennyboddy else but the rat.

I am not prepared to say that I would like to see these things sun away with, for sumthing wuss might spring up in the place of them; they seem tew be necessary in carrying on a trade in which judgment has to yield to fancy, and fancy is too often forced to yield to nonsense.

If we could (enny or us) hav our courtship written out and given tew us for pashun we should probably look upon it as we would upon a Chinese comic almanack, unable tew understand the picture, and satisfied that the astronomical calculations were never designed for our latitude.

**A KEEN RETORT.**—The post office in our village, writes a Vermont lady, was kept in the bar-room of the tavern—a great resort for loungers. An old chap more remarkable for his coarseness and infidelity than his good manners, was sitting there one day with a lot of boon companions, when the Methodist preacher, a new comer in the village, entered and asked for his letters.

Old Swipes asked bluntly, "Are you the Methodist parson just come here to preach?"

"I am," pleasantly replied the minister.

"Well," said Old Swipes, "will you tell me how old the devil is?"

"Keep your own family record," quickly returned the preacher, and left the room amidst the roars of the company.

**DON'T BE A LOAFER.**—Young man pay attention. Don't be a loafer; don't call yourself a loafer; don't keep a loafer's company; don't hang about loafing places. Better work than sit around day after day, or stand about corners with your hands in your pockets. Better for your own health—better for your own prospects. Bustle about, if you mean to have anything to bustle about for. Many a poor physician has obtained a real patient by riding after an imaginary one. A quire of blank paper tied with red tape, carried under a lawyer's arm, may procure him his first case, and make his fortune. Such is the world; to him that hath shall be given. Quit dreaming and complaining; keep busy and mind your chances.

**TOBACCO FOR BOYS.**—A strong and sensible writer administers a wholesome dose for boys who use tobacco in any form, assuring them that tobacco has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys, inducing a dangerous precocity, developing, softening and weakening of the bones, and greatly injuring the spinal marrow, the brain, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who early and frequently smokes, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, never is known to make a man of much energy of character and generally lacks physical and muscular, as well as mental energy. We would particularly warn boys who want to be any body in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison.

**SCANDAL.**—The way in which some good sorts of people are betrayed into scandal is not by forging a false story, but by telling what they do not know to be true. There is not so much lying in the world as want of solicitude about the truth. Another tosses the firebrand to us and we toss it along. Let such people remember a sentence of Barrow: "There is no great difference between the great Devil that franchises scandalous reports, and the little imp that run about and disperse them."

A doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company, that he had been eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party; "it has been announced in the Times." "Ah!" said the doctor, stroking his neck importantly, "pray, in what terms?" "Well, as well as I can remember, in the following: "There were last week seventy-seven deaths less than the week before."